

Volume 309

Villa Landorf

July 20th

I wonder how the darling is? I was grieved to hear that she was laid up and beg a post card. It was very good of the B.P. to write. I am waiting to write to her till I get over the fatigue of the first week which is great, but Dr. Scott Schott is pleased with the pump. I long for Cyril. We have a baby here just about the same age - a dear little chap who goes about with a Fraulein whom he dominates imperiously and I am newly thankful for Cyril's blessed nurse. By the way, we won't ask nurse to write her paper until we have B.P.'s; then probably it will not be necessary. I feel myself ~~in~~ an unrighteous guest not to have transmitted a "purr" through the post re. our happy time at Porchester Terrace, but indeed dearest, I did enjoy it greatly and not the least of my joys was the serenity of the atmosphere. I felt that you were tolerably free from worries. We are so greatly enjoying our pretty rooms here and the good ordering of this house. You will be amused to know that Miss Barnett and her friend arrived yesterday. Having seen this house they would go no further, thus justifying B.P.'s selection. By the way, Herr Roesch still continues to talk of her with affection. You will like to know that I have let Scale ~~the~~ for a month.

With dearest Love,
Kit Kit sends her love - and to Cyril.

i 7 emc 369

2nd Paper
1908?

House of Education,

Saturday.

Dearest,

I feel that I am bheaving badly to Lady A. in letting her have this last paper at the last moment, but work has been going heavily with us for the last months, chiefly because the illness of our examiner has thrown the papers much behindhand.

Anyway, this quite stale paper will require no reading to speak of. It seemed necessary to go over old ground, a tedious process. You will see that the plan is to illustrate what is said on each subject by a couple of answers from the children. These come to you turned down and numbered, and my idea is that you should have someone by you who could instantly hand you each paper as you want it. After you have read the answer the set of papers might be passed round. The hitch lies in the fact that I did not keep back papers enough to illustrate each subject and so have had occasionally to take two answers out of one set of papers. When this is the case I think the papers might be passed back to your understudy who would hand you the next answer at the right moment. In this way, people will get to know something of the work even should the piles of papers never be glanced at. They would stand for conviction anyway. It is something even to have seen all the papers done by every child in a very big school.

I hope all this does not bother you. Your organisation is splendid.

Affectionately

ABP 1012 309 01C

Rigg's Hotel
Windermeres

December 17th, 1904

1904-05

Here we are, dearest, after a month of various things especially jumpy I begin to feel myself again and am seized with a desire to write to you though Kit-Kit tells me she has sent a p.c. I am in great spirits because I was afraid I should have to go to Nauheim for a winter cure and now I am on my feet; but dearie, what are you doing to be tired again? I'm afraid that Spanish town meant too many hours in the train and too much going about. It's nice to think of a little rest in B.P.'s Eden. I hope she will be there.

Yes, your dear daughter has gone home with an absolutely unblemished page, but - that is negative praise, and it is positive and most positive that she deserves - a delightful person, most duty-doing, bright and amiable, full of interests and most intelligent about everything and most considerate. She is sweet! So don't tell me any more ever about your children being failures. This is what you have done! This is what you have sent me. All we have done is to give her room and work - So please, Ma'am do you also give her room - let her think her thoughts, say her says, read her books, without criticism to me or anyone. We all want room to live and that is what we want P.M.E.U. people to let their children have.

/We.....

We had a little friendly talk in which ~~she~~ she was most frank. She is quite alive to the danger of drifting - had noticed that people who do, look discontented. She will tell you of the talk we had.

Now dearest - this is the problem that all active intelligent Mothers have to work out - how to make room for the grown up daughters, leaving life enough for her living - calling her to task about work done, but not about her feelings, failures, motives and all the sort of thing that is private! Set to work, then cleverest and dearest of women and achieve a great success! And then tell us how to do it. I wish for her sake she could teach sweet Michael - but he is due to Miss Saunders, otherwise we should be doing her an injury not to be thought of for a moment. Happily she is a quite first-rate teacher and will give Michael a splendid start.

Behold - Criticism kills friendship and M. had gone to you as your friend now - don't talk about her ever to me - people always know when that's done.

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Germany
1909 August

No, I do not like to win at the making of saints
Such personages are good for the world, I admit, but to be
in at the making causes you to cry and that makes your eyes
smart so on purely, kindly, nobly selfish principles, I don't
like it so there now. I ^{grieve} agree about the pain, darling. I wonder
is it the excruciating pain caused by the circulation finding
new channels. It is dear of you to give even a passing mention
of it, you see, we believe in prayer and it is well to know and not
dreadfully to surmise.

Tell B.P. I love her but could ~~not~~ blaspheme her
ever so for not letting me have a post card about the journey
at once. Surmising is anxious work; that is the way of the
world. Of course I forget her very great goodness in writing
during the dreadful time. You little wretch to go and construe
my innocent desire for a tray in your sitting room along with
the sofa (which thing I love) into a luncheon party. Pray let
me know if you are going to secure beautiful English earls and
admirable English kings and things for that luncheon party in
order that I may secure a meal of sorts at the Charing Cross
hotel and come to you at about 3.30 when in decency the folk
must be gone. But seriously, Dearest, I must have you all to
myself except B.P. for a little while. I love the idea of your
new friend and agree with you that she has been sent for your needs
Your charming friendships have always delighted me, and made me
thankful for you. This particular friend, for example,
is of no good for everyday uses, and joys, and has always

delighted in B.P. therefore. May I congratulate Lady A. on her admirable taste in friends. Of course that is a backhanded compliment to the writer. Poor beautiful "Earl" I have written to him offering him Miss Parsons for Easter V.P. says constantly of her "she will be a great comfort to somebody and I think she would not object to the nursery life. She is not of course one of our most brilliant, but she is very intelligent and very right minded and good with little boys. Of course I should like to give him the very best we have ever had but you understand the difficulties. Lady A. certainly had a quite royal progress: to read about her splendours brings on that tiresome ^{smarting} ~~smarting~~ of the eyes - envy, I suppose. I am interested about the finger work. I wish I had got some Munich Stickerei of which the shops in ^Nauheim were full. The post cards are not good here but I am sending two or three and also advertisement of Thuringia pottery we are going today to see if I can pick up something for the dear friend and shall send it to Scotland if I can manage it for her to play with.

Love from Kit and me to the whole family, and especially to B.P. and Madge and to Miss Henderson. What a good time she is having; and our deepest love, especially mine to the Beloved Person,

Ever yours

G.M.

210 pl. eme 349 ✓
Grand Hotel Herzog Ernst
Friedrichroda den 1909

Was ever anything quite so delightful as to get your charming long letter, my Dearest, written with your own hand! I am just full of thanksgiving and gladness and so is the dear Kit-Kit. Yes, but there is a drawback to every joy. Envy is, etc. and how can I endure the thought of the real brass bedstead! Of course at moments I realise what a joy it is to you - a sort of apex of luxury (and you know, you are always devoted to luxury!!!) but then comes the pang - My royal progresses pale miserably! No, I see you can't say anything about coming to us at present but do give me a word of hope when you get to Scotland. I cannot face the thought of missing the delightful little impromptu visits the beloved Person has paid us this many years. As it is, it is a long long time since we had you. Don't I recollect the joy of meeting you at Windermere and bringing you home in triumph the very last time?

The pleasure I am promising myself is to come to luncheon with you and spend a long day - to return on the 23rd - when you do, so as to come to you the next day. Please do not suggest our staying or I will return earlier and you will find the bird flown!

Kit-Kit will write the rest (here we stop a minute to listen to the cowbells). Such a lovely sight, over a hundred, quite beautiful cattle, rather like Guernsey and every third or fourth with a great Alpine cow-bell, winding up a red sandstone road to the heights (Thuringenwald). The bell bearers wear lovely broad green collars with (royal) arms. We think they probably belong to the Duke of

Saxe Coburg Gotha, on whose park we look out. Isn't he our Prince Arthur?

I have been wondering greatly about Birmingham, whether you would be fit, dearest, but I read the lovely cook story as your promise to yourself that you would be ready for the Conference and what would it be without you. (Kit-Kit has been making ~~Scovril~~ in the interval!)

(continued in Miss Kitching's writing).

Of course I want you to represent me but I would not like you to have a minute's anxiety about it and dear Lady Campbell's reading will be far ~~way~~ too good for the paper. How happy the children will be to get you. I think your presence will make up for all sorts of picnics and joys. Dear Cyril, I think I knew that he was going to Bedales but had forgotten the fact and other matters, for indeed, you have monopolised our thoughts in the most greedy way!

How interesting that Miss Browning should have been Lady Campbell's old schoolmistress. I remember meeting her in prehistoric times. I fancy Mrs. Wynne asked me to meet her and we had talk and I liked her greatly but I can't recollect how or where it came to pass. You should like "the great O.B." for he is an admirer of yours. Do you remember when we had him, I think at London House, and you spoke the confided flattering things to me?

Well now I must tell you how we got here - really to find woods and pastures new. We were delighted to be let off sooner than we expected by two baths. I think Dr. Schott was really pleased and

/ahhn...

I said to him that I was really grateful, he said, "You have reason to be very grateful," so you see he was pleased with his performance and on Saturday we came here the day before you went to Scotland. Quite a pretty little incident occurred on the way. We stopped to lunch at the Frankfurt station and later had succeeded in occupying every inch of a 1st class compartment when a lady endeavoured to get in. We felt that she was presuming! and treated her accordingly and she behaved with great meekness, apologised with real concern for having caused me to move out of the middle of the compartment and plied us with various little attentions. She found that we had little to say, either in French, German, or English but hearing us speak to each other in the last language, she continued to say things in that. A certain simplicity and air she had showed her to be a great lady, too much of a responsibility for any advances on our part. By and by, we condescended to ask about the lovely country we were passing through - the upper valley of the Main about which she knew all there was to be known. Presently she told us that we were coming to an 11th century town, one of the oldest in Germany, Schuhausen - "I will show you the ruins of the castle, Count Witgenstein bought a beautiful old house there very cheap. He wanted a house in the neighbourhood but did not know that this was beautiful with painted ceilings and carved work. I have not seen it but my daughter has been over." Then we were told
/that.....

Frederick Barbarossa spent 3 or 4 months every year in
 Selb
 Schenhausen hunting in the forest and that the ruins we saw
 were those of his castle. He used to stop at our castle too
 where there are inscriptions about. I tried to look as if I
 were not curious and did not wonder who I was talking to but I
 know you will say that I did make some sort of unspoken enquiry
 for the lady produced her card in a very gracious way and
 received my highly interesting "Mrs Mason" with a pretty little
 show of interest. She turned out to be Furstin Jsenburg und
 Budingen Wachtensbach, so I made haste to say, "Highness". Then
 I had to be disturbed again, to her great regret to let her out
 and let her servants in and then she said, "Oh, there's my
 husband," so we saw the Prince (only a German Prince, be it
 noted) and saw a very pretty little bit of German life. For,
 if you please, only the servants came to the compartment and he
 remained standing at some door in the station, a brown looking
 hunting^{er} man in a green Jäger costume and this very charming
 lady of about 60 ran up to him and embraced him in the prettiest
 way. Now is not that quite a little story? It has made that bit
 of the Main valley most interesting to us and has imprinted a
 very beautiful bit of country on our minds.

Yes, madam, I did. The ghost of the H.O.S. prompting me, I
 sent her our last Report with a little explanatory note which said
 that of course no acknowledgement was necessary and she appears
 to agree so most likely our precious Report has gone into the

/waste.....

paper basket. So the story is complete and is not a first chapter. This is a charming little quaint and simple German town among the hills about 1500 feet high and our hotel is beautifully clean and well ordered with a lift and a bath chair and things. Yes, I really do mean to stop sometime so good bye.

We shall long for the p.c. about your journey.

Never did you do anything so virtuous and praiseworthy as this getting well,

Dearest love in which Kit-Kit joins,

Ever yours C.M.

Please give our love to the family and to Miss Webb.

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The Flying Horse Shoe,

Clapham April 7th, 1911.

My dearest,

I wonder will you have your Birthday at home, and will they make you a flowery bower. I rather hope that will be so as I can picture there. God be withyou darling at the end of what seems to me a wondrous year for you and triumph of spirit over matter, and at the unfolding of a year, fuller than ever of interests and, I venture to think, of hope.

Here we are on these bleak moors in this bitter, bitter cold. I had had a sweet little plan of driving here myself, sleeping on the way at Kirby Lonsdale, but ~~neither~~ the weather nor I was fit, so we let Barrow drive down and came weekly by train, and here he is with very limited prospects of driving anywhere. However, he assisted at various house things this morning.

I suppose you too are having extraordinarily cold weather - 20 degrees below the average for the beginning of April. I expect great things of the ninth.

Miss Cruse comes today for a day or two. She has outdone herself in a time of much business and many undertakings. I told you, did I not, that poor, old Mr. Cloudsdale was ill and the Dr. said she had better give up.....

her house, so we rushed in and took it from her. She is to have a sale of her goods and chattels on the 10th and we are sending in a small army of workmen to paint, paper, whitewash, plumb - and do all there is to be done. Miss Cruise and I have long daily sessions about furnishing, choosing patterns, etc - the whole thing is a little matter for the furnishing is of the simplest, but it has meant quite a lot of consideration.

How noble of Mrs. Watts' and what a possession the badges will be as her gift! I long to see them. I am sorry we may not do the menu cards with a different lake flower or something of the country on each - but it was a stupid suggestion - Of course the Lyceum cards must be used.

Mr. Grant seemed to think that Miss Taylor was not quite the person. Miss Morris is now available and Mr. Bull wrote with enormous appreciation of her - if she would take a school, I wonder would she do?

We are reading "The Winter Queen" Elizabeth of Bohemia - gives much insight into the history of the period as well as into the personages. Elizabeth is a wonderful piece of portraiture. Of course we are full of the Students' Conference. I wonder how many are coming. They seem to like the idea of Mr. Earle's lecture. The subject

/show....

Handwritten note:
Lined at
Lyceum
and the
Lyceum
cards

has dropped through because Dorothea is to be in Constantinople with her father at the time. I am rather sorry as I think it might have offered useful suggestions to people who have solitary children.

I wonder will you have time to write me a screed - tell me what you have been doing lately and how you are - especially the latter. Also, who are at home for your birthday - what is everybody doing and going to do, and is Mudge enjoying the respite?

I am sending you a little pink teacloth. Don't be aghast. It is for your Terrace Teas - strictly for out of London wear. Some daffodils will reach you to wear or

Fanny has gone to Normandy to walk (for the most part) with her brother. I shall be glad to hear of her safe arrival.

Yes I do feel with you that Mr. Grant's School will be a huge acquisition - but his letters do not do him justice. Of course I recognise that his is a Public School just what we want.

Kit-Kit sends you much love and Birthday Greetings - to which Miss Cruise adds hers.

Dear love,
ever yours, C.M.

inspiration

Amble-side,

May 16th, 1911.

Isn't the beloved Lady A coming to us to be rented?
Yes, I am having a tiresome attack of spinal neuralgia -
an old friend, but I am nice and sociable and mention it. Please
take example!

Of course Sir

kind words are too personal to be published - I wrote you,
"don't": didn't I? How amusing is the "China Shepherdess"
theory! And!!

T Thank you for sending all the things straight
to Cowell. About my paper, by all means print it as a pamphlet
a good deal if it has been said before, however - but I wanted
to bring it under the idea of a "Reason" - If and if and if -
I have a notion that I shall write a paper on each point of the
Synopsis - but don't hurry me, Lady A! Don't say with an air
as if you were talking to a refractory Tweenie, "Write so and so".

I suppose a previous publication as a pamphlet
would not interfere with a final book?

I enclose a sort of circular which I have
got Mr. Lock to send out to the Head Mistresses. I hope it may
help to get in the right sort of people.

About my paper, you really must not mind if I
cut it down or divide it. We talked the matter over before
I know - and you convinced me (a very easy thing to do) and I
didn't take the trouble to tell you of my grounds and

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reasons for doing otherwise but these are strong and binding and reasserted themselves - as Thus:- a Magazine or Review must not develop into a pamphlet, but must consist of a certain number of articles, no one greatly exceeding the rest in length. Now, P.R. has a distinguished literary character to maintain. It is unique in all languages and all times, as an educational magazine of a literary character not professional or technical. Therefore, we must play the game and not edit in an amateurish way. When both you and I are gone the P.R. will be long quoted and made much of in the annals of education. Now, Ma'am, don't make me explain again.

Of course, Dearest, I trusted you to edit in this case - you are so large and liberal that I felt quite safe.

How very tiresome about Miss Brookes! I don't think she is keen so was not surprised and we haven't a suitable person free. Indeed hardly anyone at all. How has the portrait turned out? I am anxious to know about it - about all and how are you.

Ever Yours,

C.M.

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Scale How
Ambleside, June 12th, 1911.

My Beloved,

Thank you for opening to me the secret sacred Peace of your life. Your letter is deeply interesting and I think, very important and I do not think you morbid, nor necessarily ill for concerning yourself with the things that matter most. We can at any rate understand one another, for your malady is my malady and I believe it is the secret eating malady of our time and that you have given voice to it (so bravely!) means, it seems to me, that you have received a call to help.

Like everybody else, I say with secret joy, "How the weeks fly!!" I watch the clock to see how soon anything and everything will come to an end. Like you I am not a bit sorry for people killed in trying to save others, or in battle, or even in 'accidents' - Not that I think death is relief for every one, but is just a going on, in, so to speak, a change of garments. But not like you, I take real pains to go on living, and I'll tell you why.

Do you mind my asking you to read again Volume II of the little red book, pp. 71 - 76 and volume III 106 - 117? I have tried to say there in a very crude way something of what I mean. (I know you too receive Jesus as "a teacher sent from God" and that is all the argument requires).

/But.....

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But I want to tell you why I feel I must go on living as long as I am allowed:- I do not look for anything in the way of punishment, reward or compensation more than of the sort I get here - with the one vast exception of "life more abundantly". That is, I think, God-knowledge, God-consciousness. But there will be then

So much to do
So much to know
So much to see
So much to love

At the present time, people can only see, know, do, love, as they are prepared - and I have a notion we have to begin the things in the flesh, we shall go on with in the spirit.

All the people we shall meet there, we ought to know, realise, first.

All the flowers in the world - all the stars in the universe (and I know no astronomy to speak of!)

Of course "His servants shall serve Him" always in all manners, and we don't know which is first or last of the ways. You remember Browning's Lazarus, how intensely insignificant things attracted him.

I shouldn't wonder if this is the sort of Gospel our age is waiting for - and we are so sick(of)waiting that we ~~play like~~ play like tired children at a fair.

I think we are becoming sufficiently immaterialised to receive it - and so we crave for the "simple life" and all sorts of panaceas or for "Higher Criticism" or for spiritualistic

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manifestations (as if spirit could ever be made manifest)

Take, darling, this cup of healing and pass it round: I believe this is one thing you and I have got to do; but I don't quite see how yet. See how adequate it is and how it makes everything enormously worth while,

Dear, dear love,

C.M.

Kit-Kit shall write the rest.